THE TERMINATOR™

DARK HORSE COMICS

$5.95 U.S.
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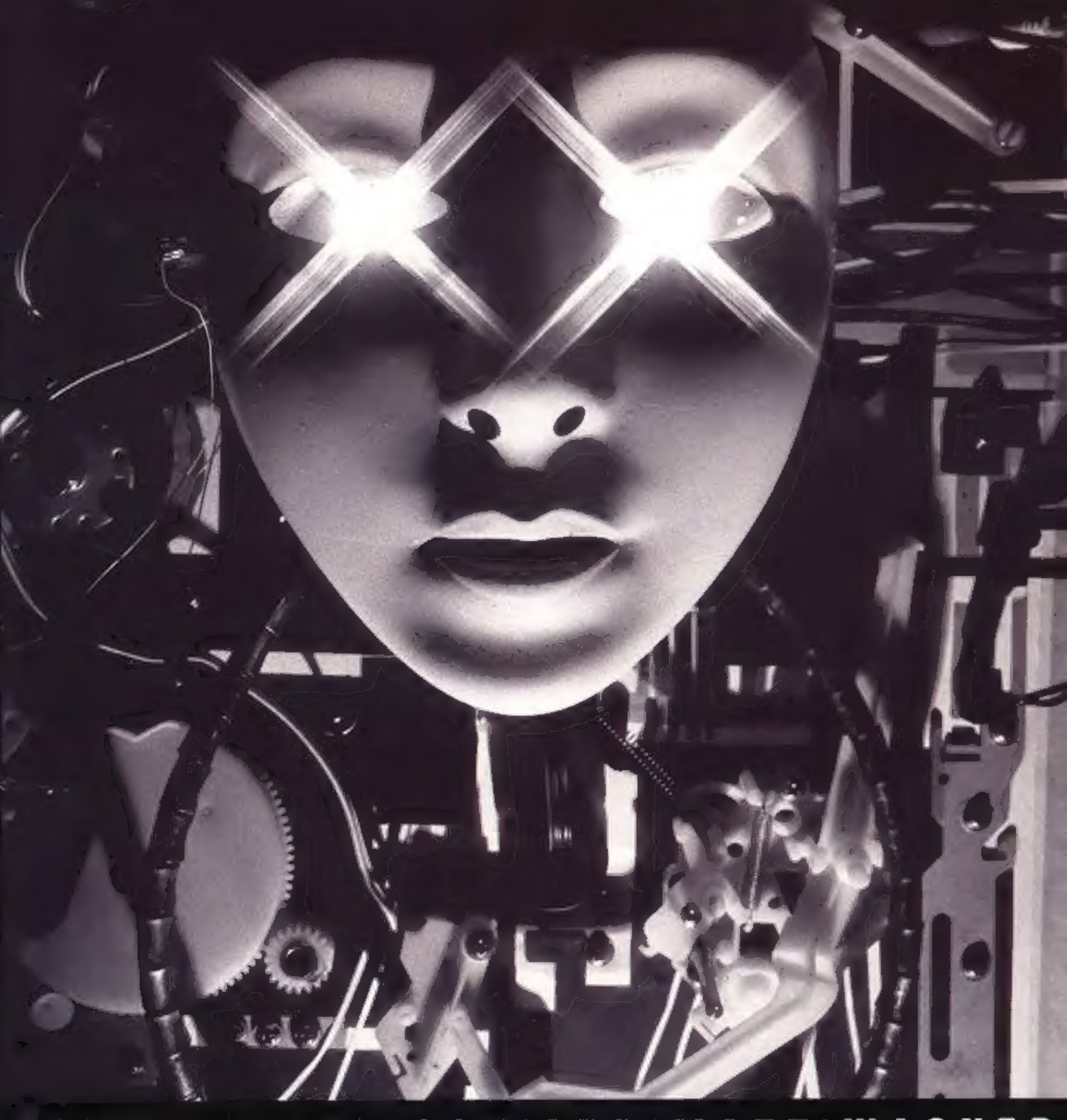

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THE TERMINATOR™ ONE SHOT

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PRINTED IN CANADA

ONCE UPON TOMORROW, A WAR RAGED.
BOTH SIDES FOUGHT LONG, BOTH SIDES FOUGHT HARD.
ONE SIDE LIVED AND BLED AND BREATHED.
THE OTHER SIDE DIDN'T...

BUT NOW, THIS WAR IS ALMOST A POSTSCRIPT. THE HUMANS, LED BY JOHN CONNOR, STORM THE MACHINES' MASTER CONTROL.
VICTORY... ULTIMATE VICTORY SEEMS WITHIN SIGHT.
THE HUMANS BREACH MASTER CONTROL'S INNER SANCTUM...
...JUST IN TIME TO SEE AN 800-MODEL TERMINATOR VANISH BEFORE THEIR EYES.
AN ANSWER TO WHAT THIS MEANS IS NEEDED. AN ANSWER FOUND BY CONNOR'S COMPUTER TECHNICIANS...
...AFTER A MISHAP OR TWO.
THE DEVICE THE TERMINATOR STOOD IN, AS IT VANISHED, WAS A TIME MACHINE. THE CYBORG HAD GONE BACK IN TIME. ITS MISSION:
TO KILL JOHN CONNOR'S MOTHER, SARAH.
CONNOR TOOK THE NEWS CALMLY. "YOU'D ALMOST THINK HE EXPECTED IT," ONE SOLDIER WHISPERED TO ANOTHER.
SOMEONE WAS NEEDED. SOMEONE TO FOLLOW THE 800-MODEL INTO THE PAST.
TO SAVE SARAH CONNOR.
THE VOLUNTEER...
...SGT. KYLE REESE.
CONNOR LOOKS AT REESE. THE LOOK IS STRANGE--WARM, YET SAD. REESE'S DESTINY, IN TIMES PAST, WOULD BE ONE OF DANGER, LOVE AND DEATH.

WHAT REESE WOULDN'T KNOW--WHAT JOHN CONNOR **DIDN'T** KNOW TO TELL HIM--WHAT SARAH CONNOR **WOULDN'T** KNOW TO WARN HER SON...

...**WAS** THAT THE 800-MODEL THAT SHE AND REESE ENCOUNTERED--THE ONE THAT CONNOR'S MEN SAW DISAPPEAR...

...WAS THE **SECOND** OF **TWO** TO BE SENT BACK IN TIME ON THIS OFFENSIVE.

THE CYBORG THAT REESE ENCOUNTERED USED A PAGE FROM A PHONE BOOK TO LOCATE JOHN CONNOR'S MOTHER.

THE **OTHER** TERMINATOR... THE **FIRST** ONE... WENT A DIFFERENT ROUTE...

IN THE GUNSHOP, WHERE IT WOULD FIND WEAPONRY AND CLOTHING, IT USED THE STORE'S COMPUTER MODEM-- **AND** ITS OWN ADVANCED KNOWLEDGE OF COMPUTER HARDWARE--TO ACCESS THE TELEPHONE COMPANY'S RECORDS.

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE RECORDS.

THE LATEST EDITION OF THE PHONE BOOK WAS PRINTED A MONTH AGO...

...SARAH LANG AND JOHN CONNOR HAVE BEEN MARRIED FOR THIRTEEN DAYS.
SALE!

SARAH CONNOR GALLERY
TONIGHT, IN LOS ANGELES, MUCH IS HAPPENING--SHOOTOUTS, CAR CHASES, EXPLOSIONS ...
...AND NEITHER OF THE TERMINATORS HAS EVEN STARTED KILLING YET.
A TYPICAL L.A. NIGHT... WHEN A SIMPLE BREAK-IN GOES UNNOTICED.
TWO WEEKS AGO--BEFORE SHE MARRIED--THIS WAS THE SARAH LANG GALLERY.
IT DOESN'T TAKE THE CYBORG LONG TO PINPOINT WHERE ITS TARGET IS--A DESK DIARY HAS SARAH'S ITINERARY CLEARLY MARKED. A LATE HONEYMOON, AWAY FROM THE SMOG...
...IN SAN FRANCISCO.
THE TERMINATOR MOVES FOR THE DOOR--TAKING SARAH'S ROLODEX AS A SAFEGUARD.
AT 94 MILES PER HOUR... BOTH MILES AND HOURS SPEED BY.
...DOCTOR SAYS IT'S NOTHING, BUT I'M GETTING A SECOND OPINI--
HEY...THAT'S MY COFFEE! YOU'RE DRINKIN' MY COF--
DID YOU SEE THAT?!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT--SHE'S ACCELER-ATING!
GET AHEAD OF HER. CUT HER OFF.
SHE JUST LANDED HERSELF IN TROUBLE.
"BIG TROUB--"

THE SIGHT OF THE STATION HOUSE DOOR...
...THE SCENTS, THE SOUNDS, AND THE FEEL OF THE PAVE-MENT.
FOR ELLIS RUGGLES, A POLICEMAN IN THIS PRECINCT FOR THIRTY YEARS, NOW RETIRED...THE SENSATIONS OF OLD TIMES RETURN.
HE VISITS THE PLACE OFTEN. TO CHAT, SWAP TALES, AND HEAR WHAT'S NEW.
OF COURSE, NOTHING EVER IS.
THE CRIMINALS MAY CHANGE--BUT THE CRIMES DON'T...WITH LIFE IN THE STATION HOUSE BUSILY BORING--BORINGLY BUSY.
OR SO RUGGLES EXPECTS.
WHAT HE FINDS INSTEAD...
...IS A MADHOUSE.

WHAT'S GOING--?
SORRY, RUGS, CAN'T STOP.
GOTTA MOVE, GOTTA MOVE.
JERRY?
BEN?
WHAAAT?
HEY, RUGGLES, GETOUTTATHEWAY!
DAN?
YEAH?
WHAT IS GOING ON?
I WISH WE HAD AN ANSWER.
KILLINGS ALL OVER--A NIGHT-CLUB SHOT TO HELL. NO ARRESTS, LOTSA QUES-TIONS.
AND GET THIS...
...SOMEONE KILLED A PRECINCT.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, KILLED A PRECINCT?
EVERYONE IN THE 53RD. EVERY COP... ALL DEAD.
ONLY SUSPECT IS ONE KYLE REESE. THAT'S WHO EVERYBODY'S LOOKING FOR.
BUT ONE GUY? IT HAD TO BE MORE'N ONE GUY!
LIKE I SAY, LOTSA QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED. THAT'S WHY EVERYONE'S ACTIN' CRAZY.
YEAH, 'S QUITE A MYSTERY.
AND SOMEHOW IT ALL TIES IN WITH A SARAH CONNOR.

SHE'S MISSING, TOO-- WE THINK REESE HAS GOT HER IF SHE'S DEAD, THEN SHE'S THE THIRD. TWO OTHER SARAH CONNORS HAVE BEEN KILLED ALREADY
LUCKY THE FOURTH IS OUTTA TOWN. VERY LUCK--
FOURTH! THERE'S A FOURTH?
YEAH, SHE'S ON HER HONEYMOON MAYBE THAT SAVED HER LIFE.
WHERE OUT OF TOWN?
'FRISCO.
WHICH IS FUNNY, 'CAUSE THERE'S A REPORT OF A POLICE CAR SHOT UP ON THE PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY, ABOUT HALFWAY THERE. BOTH COPS DEAD--DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO RADIO IN A DES-CRIPTION O'WHO KILLED 'EM.
"IT'S LIKE NOWHERE'S SAFE. 'S LIKE EVERY-THING'S GONE CRAZY."
"WHEN DID IT HAPPEN?"
"EARLY HOURS FIVE .. SIX O'CLOCK THIS MORNING."
LIKE I SAY, 'S CRAZY--
HEY! RUSS! WHERE YA GOIN'?!

A CITY OF HILLS... ORNATE ARCHITECTURE.
...AND COOL, SALTY BREEZES FROM THE BAY
SAN FRANCISCO...

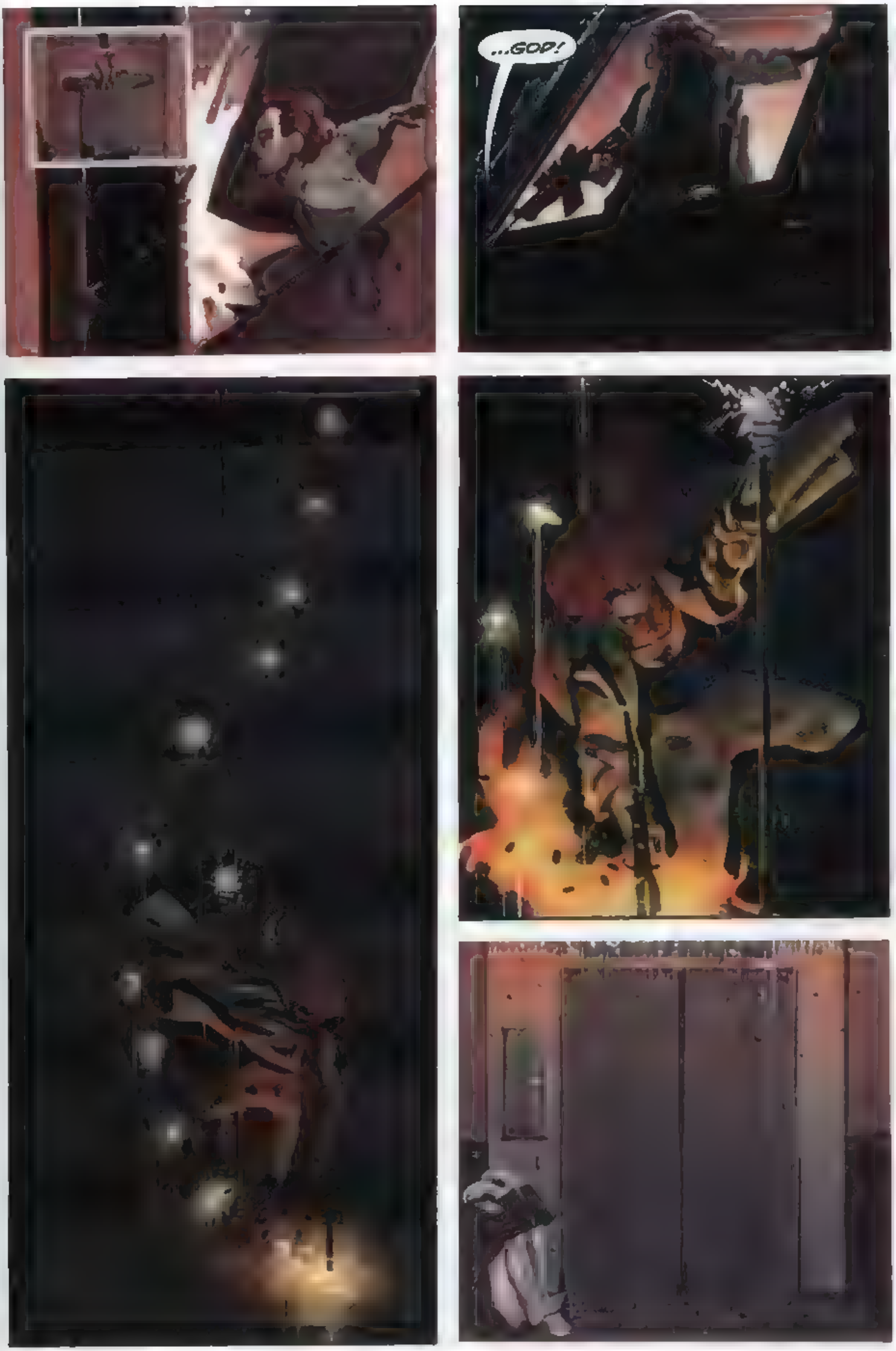
GOOD MORNING, MRS. CONNOR
Mmmmmm...
GOD, SARAH.
...GOOD MORNING, MR. CONNOR
...I LOVE YOU
...ROMANTIC SAN FRANCISCO.

ZOOM
WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO, PEANUT.
YEAH, I KNOW... I THOUGHT IT WAS OVER FOR US, AS WELL
GUESS YOU'RE NEVER TOO OLD FOR SURPRISES

MICHAEL CONNOR NURSES THOUGHTS AND A BEER. THE BEER GROWS WARM, AS MICHAEL'S THOUGHTS TURN COLD TO THE CONCEPT OF MARRIAGE. HIS MARRIAGE.
BUT HE LOVES SARAH.
AND SARAH LOVES HIM SO MUCH SO THAT SHE CHANGED HER NAME-- AND THE NAME OF HER BUSINESS -- EAGER TO PROCLAIM TO THE WORLD THAT SHE WAS HIS WIFE. THE PROBLEM IS SARAH'S WEALTH. MICHAEL HATES MONEY--AND FEARS HOW IT CORRUPTS CREATIVITY.
HIS CREATIVITY.
BUT HE LOVES SARAH.
BUT MARRIAGE... HE'S TOO YOUNG TO BE MARRIED.
BUT HE LOVES SARAH.
BUT...HE FEELS TRAPPED.
BUT... BUT... BUT...
MICHAEL SIGHS. THE BEER REFRESHING HIM NOT AT ALL.
"ALEX? YES, IT'S ME. WHO DID YOU THINK--?"
ANYWAY... MICHAEL'S NOT BACK YET. I THINK HE WENT TO BUY ME SOMETHING, BUT HE'S BEEN GONE FOR HOURS.
I DON'T KNOW WHERE.
ANYWAY, IT'S GETTING TOO LATE--OUR PLANS ARE STARTING TO FALL APART
FOR TODAY.
BEST TO WAIT.
..YOU CAN KILL MY HUSBAND TOMORROW.

BING
H-HELLO? I'M IN ROOM 828. I JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW THAT I'M GOING OUT FOR AN HOUR THE ROOM'S FREE IF YOU WANT TO CLEAN IT
BING
<< ROOM 828 >>
THANKS FOR LETTING ME KNOW I'LL DO YOUR ROOM NEXT. YOU SAID 826?
NO, 828 ..
...MICHAEL AND SARAH CONNOR
SENSORS REACT-- IN AN INSTANT--IT'S READY TO FIRE
BING
TO KILL.

FISHERMAN'S WHARF..
...TOURIST TRAP'S WHAT I CALL IT--
--AAEEI!
EERHHH!
IIIIIIIII!
uh
M--
M--
M--
MY.


...GOD!

THIS ISN'T HAPPENI--
WHAM!
OHH!
MOVE!

WHAT'S HER PROB--?
MY GOD, THAT'S HER!
SHE TRIED TO THROTTLE ME
WANTED TO KNOW ONE GUEST'S ROOM NUM--
AEGH!
«CONNOR»

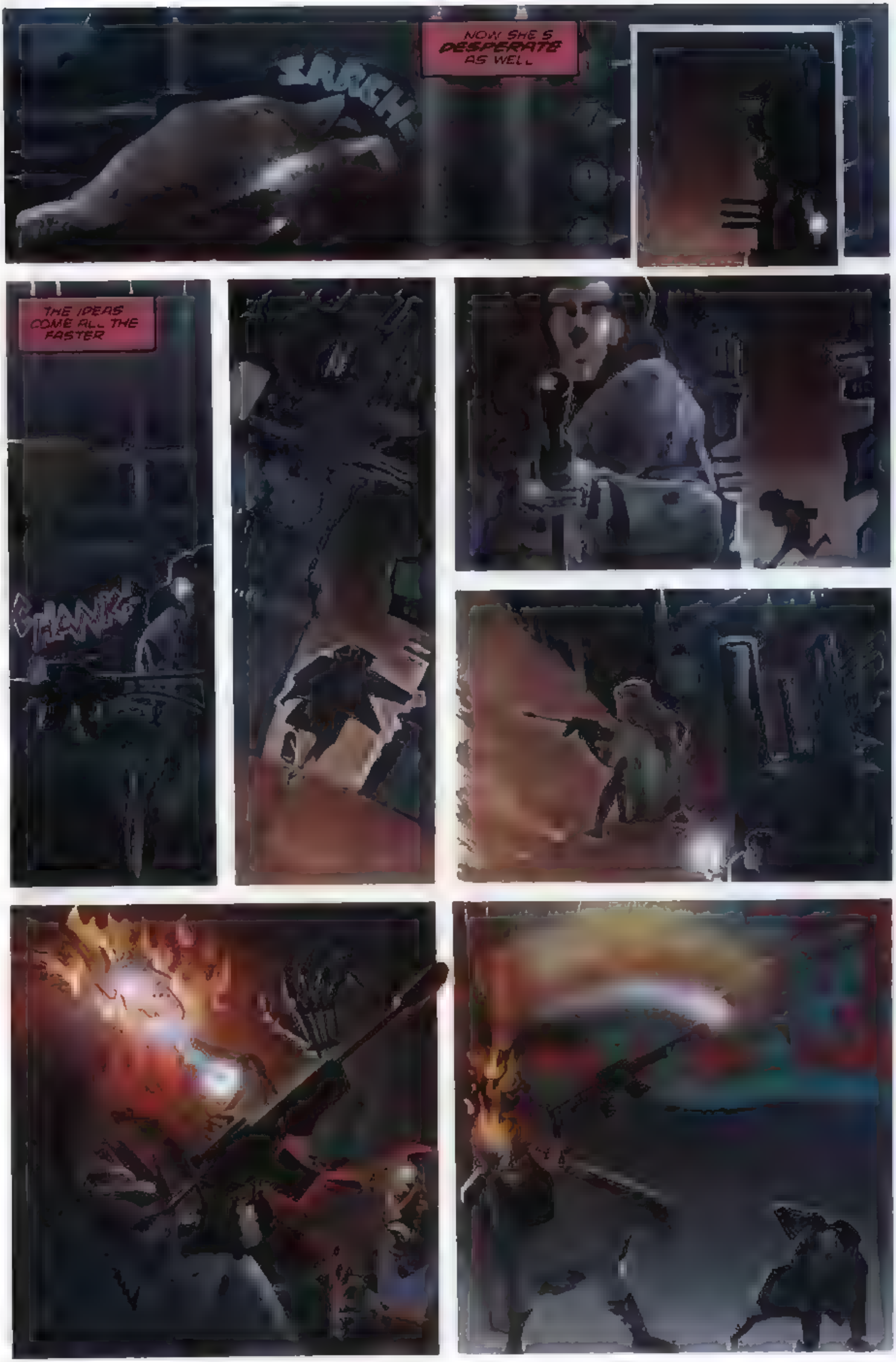
DRIVE!
DRIVE!
DRIVE!
TAXI
« TRANSPORT REQUIRED »
ALL AVAILABLE UNITS TO THE BEAUMONT HOTEL. SHOTS FIRED. MULTIPLE FATALITIES REPORTED. REPEAT: ALL AVAIL--
THE BEAUMONT? THAT'S JUST AROUND THE CORN--
UPK
« TRANSPORT OBTAINED »

THE STOREFRONTS OF HAIGHT STREET MAY CHANGE--BUT THE ATTITUDE HERE IS EVER THE SAME
WITH THE YOUNG AND HIP TRYING TO RE-CREATE THE SUMMER OF LOVE..
..AND THE MIDDLE-AGED BURN-OUTS WHO DON'T REALIZE IT EVER ENDED
ALEX GANDER'S WORK PLACE IS ABOVE THE SHOPS OF HAIGHT
SINCE 68 HE'S BEEN HERE. HIS "URBAN SCULPTURES" NURTURED, INSPIRED, BY THE ENERGY THE STREET GIVES HIM.
AND THE STUDIO'S RENT-CONTROLLED
KNOCK KNOCK BANG BANG
BANG BANG
HE'D ORDERED PIZZA, BUT THAT WAS ONLY MINUTES AGO. DELIVERY'S NEVER THIS FAST.
ALEX...AL.. OPEN THE DOOR, FOR GOD'S SAKE!
OHH, ALEX.

SARAH BABY... WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT HAPPENED?
A WOMAN... WITH GUN ..TRIED TO KILL ME ..KILL.. I COULDN'T ESCAPE HER ALL THOSE PEOPLE ..
HEY, HEY HUSH NOW, HUSH
...DEAD SHOT DEAD.
IT'S MICHAEL...HE MUST KNOW WHAT WE'RE PLANNING .. AND HE HIRED THAT WOMAN TO GET ME.
SHE WAS... UNBELIEVABLE ... SHE JUMPED ONTO THE ELEVAT--
NO . NO... NO. RELAX, HONEY YOU'RE HYSTERICAL
MICHAEL DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING. IT'S WE WHO KNOW...
...THAT HIS PARENTS WERE WEALTHY... THAT THEY DIED AND LEFT HIM MIL-LIONS.
LOOK, YOU'RE COMING UNGLUED WE CAN'T HAVE THAT NOT NOW! NOT WHEN WE'RE SO CLOSE TO GETTING SO MUCH JUST THINK ABOUT IT ALL, FOR A MOMENT.
MICHAEL'S ASHAMED OF THE MONEY--THINKS IT'LL "CORRUPT" HIS ART. THE CASH IS HIS SECRET--HE DIDN'T USE IT OR WANT IT HE'S LIVED ROUGH... A TYPICAL STARVING ARTIST
HE'S FROM THE EAST SO WHEN HE BLEW INTO L.A., NOBODY THERE KNEW HIS PAST--HIS WEALTH NOT EVEN YOU.
STOP
AND IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT OLD NEWSPAPER YOU CHANCED ACROSS, WE NEVER WOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF WHAT WE'RE DOING... HIS DEATH WILL HAVE NO APPARENT MOTIVE
AND YOU... EVERY-BODY THINKS YOU'RE RICH. THEY DON'T KNOW THE GALLERY'S IN THE RED. THEY DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE LOSSES -- THE BAD INVESTMENTS
OR THE SCULPTOR WHO SPENDS FASTER THAN I CAN EARN.
HOW IT SEEMS... IS THAT YOU'RE A WEALTHY ART HAG WHO'S FALLEN FOR A POOR, SECOND-RATE PAINTER
MR. CONNOR .
MY GOD! SARAH
..YOUR WIFE'S ALIVE
ALIVE, BUT IN DANGER

WHA--? WHO ARE YOU?
SOMEONE YOU'D BETTER TRUST
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
' ALL UNITS.. BE ON THE LOOK-OUT .
WHERE THE SHORTWAVES TELL US.
ANYWAY, NO ONE KNOWS ABOUT MICHAEL'S WEALTH. NO ONE KNOWS WE KNOW CERTAINLY NOT MICHAEL.
AND EVEN IF HE WERE AWARE OF OUR PLAN, HE WOULDN'T KNOW HOW TO HIRE A KILLER. HIS HEAD'S IN HIS ART, AND YOU, AND LITTLE ELSE.
I DON'T KNOW WHO THAT WOMAN WAS. SHE COULD HAVE BEEN... ANYBODY... A MANIAC, MAY-BE.
EVERY-THING'S FINE, SARAH, YOU'LL SEE
TOMORROW, YOU AND HUBBY GO WALKING. NEWLYWEDS SIGHT-SEEING. I'LL FOLLOW YOU... AND WAIT 'TIL YOU'RE SOMEWHERE DESERTED
SKTCH
THEN I'LL SLIT HIS THROAT, AND STEAL YOUR PURSE 'N' HIS WALLET AS A MOTIVE FOR THE ATTACK WHEN THE POLICE QUESTION YOU, YOU DESCRIBE MICHAEL'S KILLER AS LOOKING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT FROM ME.
YOU, THE ONLY WITNESS. THE HEARTBROKEN WIFE MOURNING HER POOR, PENNILESS, DEAD HUSBAND
A WIFE WHO'D BEEN SO EAGER TO MAKE MICHAEL'S NAME HERS.. TO SHARE HER LIFE WITH HIM.
YOU WAIT AS LONG AS IT TAKES FOR THE LAWYERS TO TELL YOU.. THAT YOU'RE A MILLIONAIRESS YOU ACT ASTOUNDED.
AND WE LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER
KNOCK KNOCK
THAT'LL BE THE PIZZA

IT'S CANADIAN BACON AND PINEAPPLE. YOUR FAVORI--
ALPHABETICALLY...
. HE WAS THE FOURTH 'FRISCO-BASED PERSON IN SARAH'S ROLO-DEX. UNFORTUNATE, FOR ALEX.
AND FOR THE THREE BEFORE HIM.
SARAH'S GOTTEN FAR WITH HER LIFE-- THIS DUE TO HER ONE GREAT ABILITY:
THINKING FAST AND ON HER FEET



NOW SHE'S DESPERATE AS WELL
THE IDEAS COME ALL THE FASTER

STOP

THERE WOULD BE TOO MANY QUES-TIONS IF SARAH WERE FOUND HERE
BEST TO GET AWAY
GOOD-BYE, ALEX.
IT OCCURS TO HER IN THE STREET THE GAS SHE'D THOUGHT SHE MIGHT NEED IT SO SHE'D TURNED IT ON
LEAVING SHE'D FORGOTTEN TO TURN IT OFF.
OH, GOD.

HAIGHT
THE SAYING IS WRONG... THE DEVIL, APPARENTLY, IS NOT A WOMAN.

SARAH LOOKS ON. WITH ALL IDEAS STILLBORN
THE METAL HAND. WITH EVERYTHING THAT HAD HAPPENED, SARAH HADN'T NOTICED IT NOW ..IT SEEMS INSIGNIFICANT.
«CONNOR»
A STREET FILLED WITH PEOPLE MYSTIFIED BY THEIR OWN DEATHS-- BOTH BULLETS AND QUESTIONS FLY.

A STOLEN POLICE CAR, PARKED SIDEWAYS UP A CURB DOESN'T GO LONG UNREPORTED
EVEN BEFORE DEATH CAME TO THE HAIGHT, THERE WERE OFFICERS ON THEIR WAY
SAN FRANCISCO'S FINEST
WHO DON'T KNOW WHAT HIT THEM
CAN YOU GET US OUT OF HERE? CAN YOU?
OUT OF HERE...?

JUST WHAT I WAS THINKING.
«CONNOR»
SARAH CLOSES HER EYES AND HOLDS HER BREATH.
THIS BIKE'S OWNER STOPS SEEING AND BREATHING, TOO

..OFFICERS DOWN... SHOOTING ON HAIGHT STREET. REPEAT. OFFICERS DOWN. SUSPECT IS LEAVING SCENE OF ..ASSAULT, HEADING WEST TOWARDS GEARY STREE—
THE HAIGHT IS
. BUT NOW, IT'S BEHIND US
LET'S CUT TO THE CHASE.

YOU'RE SLOWING DOWN. ARE YOU CRAZY?! SHE'S CATCHING UP.
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE...GO! GO!
RELAX, I'M A CABBIE...
...I RUN PEOPLE DOWN FOR A LIVING.

I THINK THAT'S IT...
..WE'VE SHAKEN H--
WE LEFT HER BACK THERE-- KNOCKED OFF HER BIKE.
SHE'S NOT HUMAN.. METAL ARM.. SHE'S NOT...

...HUMAN.
SHE'S NOT...
SHE'S...SHE'S...
...THE DEVIL...

THE DEVIL. . HAS A HALF-METAL FACE--WHICH SARAH STARES INTO
WHY ME, SHE THINKS
JUST BEFORE, A FUNNY THING HAPPENS.'.
...THAT SMELLS OF SOLDER AND SOUNDS LIKE FEEDBACK

ONE SHOT.
.. AND I MISSED. IT HAS BEEN TOO LONG.
SARAH!
SARAH SEES THE LOVE IN HER HUSBAND'S EYES--AND ASKS HERSELF HOW SHE COULD EVER HAVE PLANNED TO KILL HIM.
GET ON, HONEY.
HEY! YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE ALL THIS! COME BACK!
.. AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

THE FOOD ON THEIR TABLE IS EXCELLENT.
A PITY THEY HAVE NO APPETITE.
...SO THIS "TERMINATOR" WANTS TO KILL ME, BECAUSE MY NAME IS SARAH CONNOR? EVEN THOUGH I'M NOT THE SARAH... THE ONE THAT REALLY MATTERS?
YES, I'M AFRAID THAT'S RIGHT. THE MOTHER OF JOHN CONNOR IS WITH KYLE REESE... THEY'RE ENCOUNTERING A DIFFERENT 800-MODEL.
SO WHY AREN'T YOU THERE HELPING THEM? AND WHO ARE YOU, FOR THAT MATTER?
YES, YOU'RE TOO PREPARED...TOO VERSED IN OUR WAYS, TO HAVE JUST ARRIVED IN THIS TIME.
WELL, TO ANSWER YOUR FIRST QUESTION, I'M NOT HELPING CONNOR'S MOTHER BECAUSE I'M NOT PART OF HER DESTINY...OR THAT OF REESE'S.
HOW DO YOU KNOW?
BECAUSE JOHN CONNOR TOLD ME.
I WAS 21 WHEN I SALUTED CONNOR LAST AND WENT BACK IN TIME...TO 1955.
I WAS GIVEN THE ORDER TO PREPARE...TO TAKE THE TIME I HAD, TO BECOME PART OF THE PAST.
TO BE READY FOR SARAH'S BIRTH, AND TO WATCH OVER HER IN CASE THE MECHS EVER DECIDED TO SEND ONE OF THEIRS BACK TO ANY TIME EARLIER THAN NOW.
AND YOUR WEAPON? IT SCARED OFF THAT THING WITH ELECTRICITY?
AN ELECTRO MECH-FAZER. IT DOESN'T DO ANY OBVIOUS DAMAGE.. WHAT IT DOES IS FUSE THEIR CIRCUITS.

BUT IT HAS TO BE A DIRECT HIT...IF YOU ONLY FAZE A LIMB, THEY'RE STILL A THREAT.
ONE SHOT... THAT'S ALL YOU GET.
'CAUSE THEY TURN TAIL AT THE HINT OF A FAZER...TO RE-FORMULATE THEIR STRATEGY. AND FOREWARNED, THEY'RE TWICE AS DANGEROUS
LIKE OURS IS?
YES. DAMN ME
I BUILT THE FAZER MYSELF...YEARS AGO. BROUGHT BACK CIRCUITRY FROM THE FUTURE...IN-SERTED WITHIN ME.
I WON'T BE SPECIFIC, BUT IT WAS DAMN UN-COMFORT-ABLE
REESE HAS THE SAME...?
ARE THERE OTHERS LIKE YOU? SLEEPERS?
REESE ISN'T SUPPOSED TO," OR SO CONNOR SAID. HMM, I WONDER HOW KYLE'S DOING
THE LAST OF THE 500-MODELS WERE COUNTER-ATTACKING AS CONNOR THOUGHT TO SEND ME BACK. HE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TIME TO PLAN. I KNOW HE WAS GOING TO DESTROY THE TIME MACHINE..
...LEAVE NOTHING TO CHANCE
BUT THERE WAS ONE OTHER VOLUNTEER. CORPORAL GRAVES...SENT BACK TO 1955.
AND?
IN 1955, I MATERIALIZED IN A FIELD IN GLENDALE. TEN YEARS LATER THEY'D BUILT A FREEWAY THROUGH IT.
GRAVES LASTED FIVE SECONDS.. HE WAS HIT BY A PRODUCE TRUCK.
SO WHY HELP US? WHY DO YOU CARE IF I LIVE OR DIE IF I'M NOT THE SARAH?
THE FIRST 21 YEARS OF MY LIFE, I WAS A SOLDIER. FOR THE REST OF IT, I'VE BEEN A COP.
I THOUGHT MY MISSION WAS OVER...REESE WAS WITH SARAH, AND MY WATCHING OVER HER HAD ENDED. BUT DOING THE RIGHT THING... IT'S IN MY BLOOD.
I HEARD ABOUT YOU...THEN A REPORT OF A PATROL CAR SHOT TO HELL ON THE HIGHWAY TO 'FRISCO.
IT WAS A LONG SHOT... BUT I HAD TO MAKE SURE. I TRACKED DOWN PHOTOS OF YOU BOTH SO I'D RECOGNIZE YOU, AND I WAS ON MY WAY
SO, THE FIRST STEP, IS TO GET YOU TWO OUT OF TOWN.
YES..GET SARAH TO SAFETY
THEN I'M COMING BACK TO 'FRISCO.
AND THIS TIME, I WON'T MISS.
SARAH SMILES HAPPY AT MICHAEL'S CONCERN FOR HER.
LIFE WITH HER HUSBAND WILL BE GOOD.

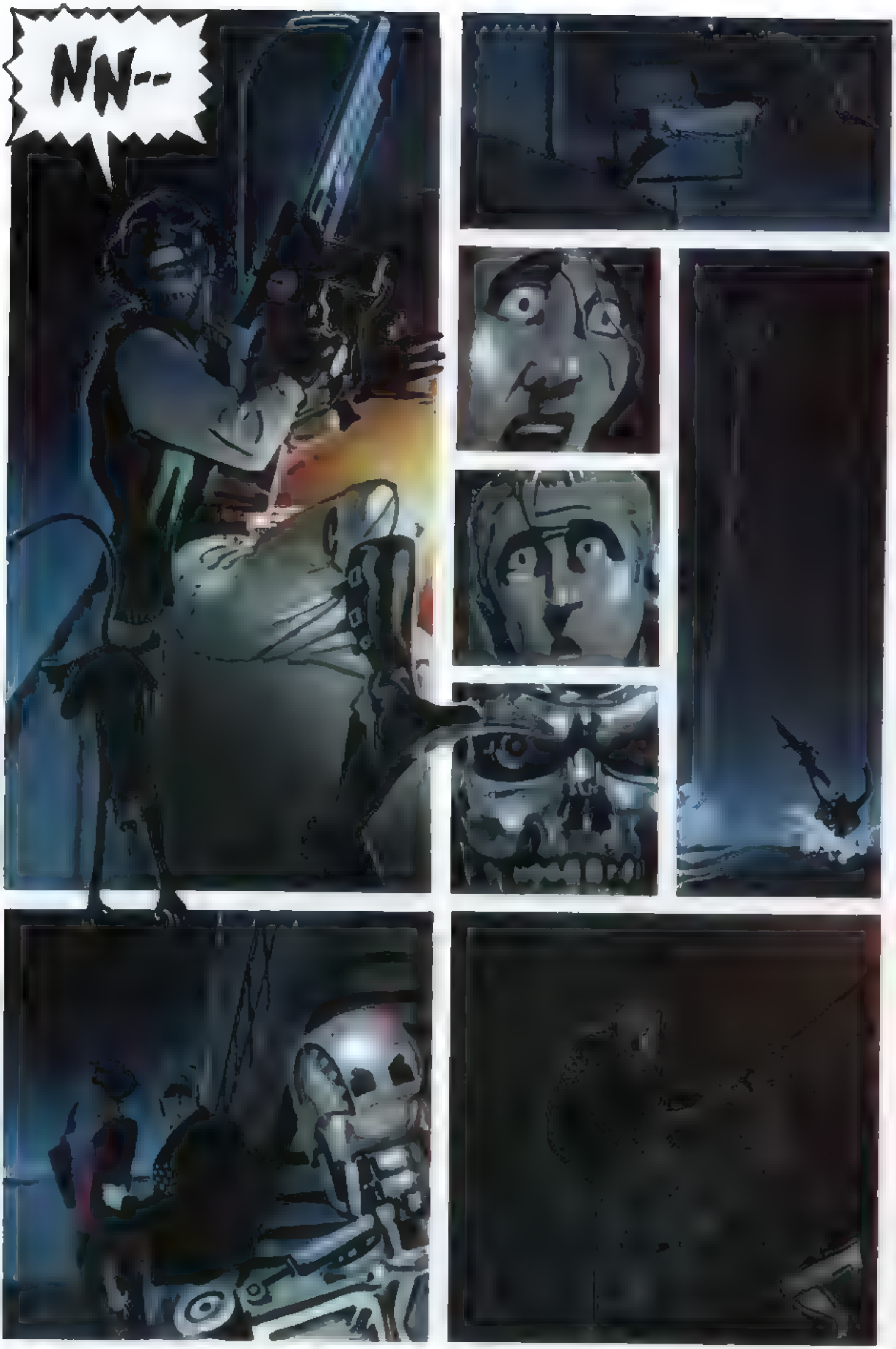
THE MECH COULD BE ANYWHERE... ON ANY ROAD..
...WAITING TO FIND US AND STRIKE AGAIN.
SO WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO... CHANCE IT? MAKE A BREAK FOR THE FREEWAY?
SAN FRANCISCO
NO, NOT QUITE.
..MATCHING THE DESCRIPTIONS. SHOULD I APPREHEND--?
. I'VE ALWAYS HAD ONE WITH ME... AN ANIMAL THEY CAN SENSE MECHS SOMEHOW BEFORE PEANUT, I HAD TWO DOGS AND A TAME FOX...
NO, ORDERS ARE TO KEEP THEM UNDER SURVEILLANCE. WE'LL PICK THEM UP IN A LESS CROWDED PLACE
AFTER ALL THAT HAPPENED EARLIER, THE LAST THING WE WANT...
...IS MORE KILLING.

SARAH THINKS OF HER HUSBAND:
ALEX WAS THE ONE WHO HAD WANTED MICHAEL DEAD. OF COURSE HE WOULD, WOULDN'T HE?
I WAS NEVER SURE HOW ALEX FELT... IF IT WAS ME HE WANTED... OR THE MONEY.
MICHAEL, HIS LOVE... FEELS RIGHT... FEELS...
LIFE WITH MICHAEL. A GOOD LIFE.
MICHAEL... THINKS OF HIS WIFE:
THE DOUBTS... THEY'VE GONE. THE MOMENT I DISCOVERED SARAH WAS IN DANGER.
WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS... AND THEN... OUR LIFE TOGETHER CAN REALLY START.
GOD, I LOVE HER.
RUGGLES THINKS:
IN THE FUTURE, THERE'S MAN OR MACHINE. BEING BLACK OR WHITE DOESN'T ENTER INTO THINGS.
I RETURNED TO BAD TIMES. SEGREGATION... RACE RIOTS. ALMOST GAVE UP ON THE WORLD... ALMOST SAID, "HELL, LET THE MACHINES WIN."
MY WIFE, BETTY... HER LOVE GAVE ME BACK MY FAITH IN HUMANITY.
SO HERE I AM, FIGHTING A MECH...
...AT MY AGE.
EEEEEAAAA!
PEANUT...?
WHA--?
OHHH... NO.

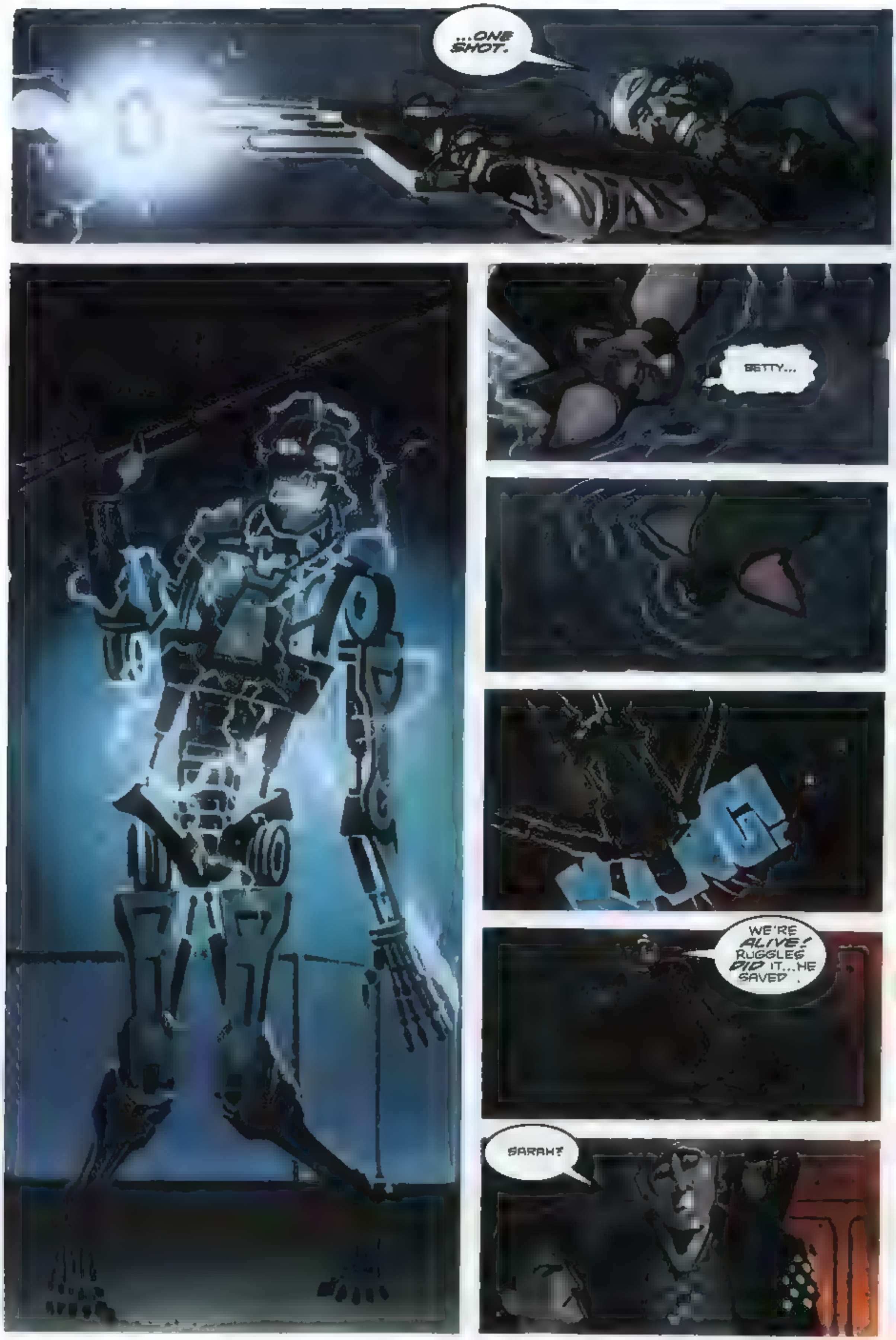
WHAT?
WHY?
TOO CLOSE
LOUD.
GOD!
DUH?

HERE, TAKE THIS IT WON'T DO MUCH GOOD, BUT TAKE IT ANYWAY
OH, GOD... NOOO... I CAN'T TAKE ANYMORE... I CAN'T...
GHHHK!
DE
TP
FU
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING I ..I...
GET A GRIP, GIRL. YOU NEED YOUR WITS IF YOU'RE GOING TO STAY--
--ALIVE

DAMN PEOPLE.
...FOR SOME...
...ARE NOT A CONSIDERATION.


NN--

OH--
AH--
BEHIND ME...GET.
DIE WITH YOU.
"THE WATER..
"..CAN'T LET IT INTO THE WIRING."
HE'S FIGHTING THE WATER.. THE PAIN OF HIS WOUNDS.. THE BLOOD LOSS
HIS VISION STARTS TO BLUR. HE FIGHTS THAT, TOO
LIKE I SAY...


...ONE SHOT.
BETTY...
WE'RE ALIVE! RUGGLES DID IT...HE SAVED
SARAH?

WHAT ARE Y--?
FOR A WHILE I THOUGHT A LIFE WITH YOU .. THAT... IT... WOULD WORK.
BUT THIS... THIS THAT'S JUST HAPPENED HAS SHOWN ME.
LIFE'S TOO SHORT TO TAKE NEEDLESS RISKS...ON RELATIONSHIPS... ON OUR RELATIONSHIP...ON ANYTHING.
I WANT YOUR MONEY. I DON'T KNOW IF I WANT YOU.
MY MONEY? HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? I'D FORGOTTEN I EVEN HAD IT.
SARAH, I LOVE YOU. THE MONEY'S YOURS
CAN'T WE TALK ABOUT THIS? CAN'T--
I'M SO CONFUSED. IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING POSITIVE...GO FOR WHAT I'M CERTAIN OF... THE MONEY...
.. I'LL GO MAD.
I'M SORRY, MICHAEL. REALLY
DYING CIRCUITRY RE-ENERGIZES.
«SARAH CO--»
FOR AN INSTANT

GOD! IT'S GOT ME--
OH! IT'S SLIPPING... DRAGGING IT... ME... INTO...
MICHAEL'S BRAIN IS NUMB
MICHAEL... HELP M--
SO HE THINKS WITH HIS HEART
SHE LETS GO
TO SAVE HIM? OR DOES SHE MERELY LOSE HER GRIP?
WHO CAN SAY?

OH, SARAH.

M.WAGNER

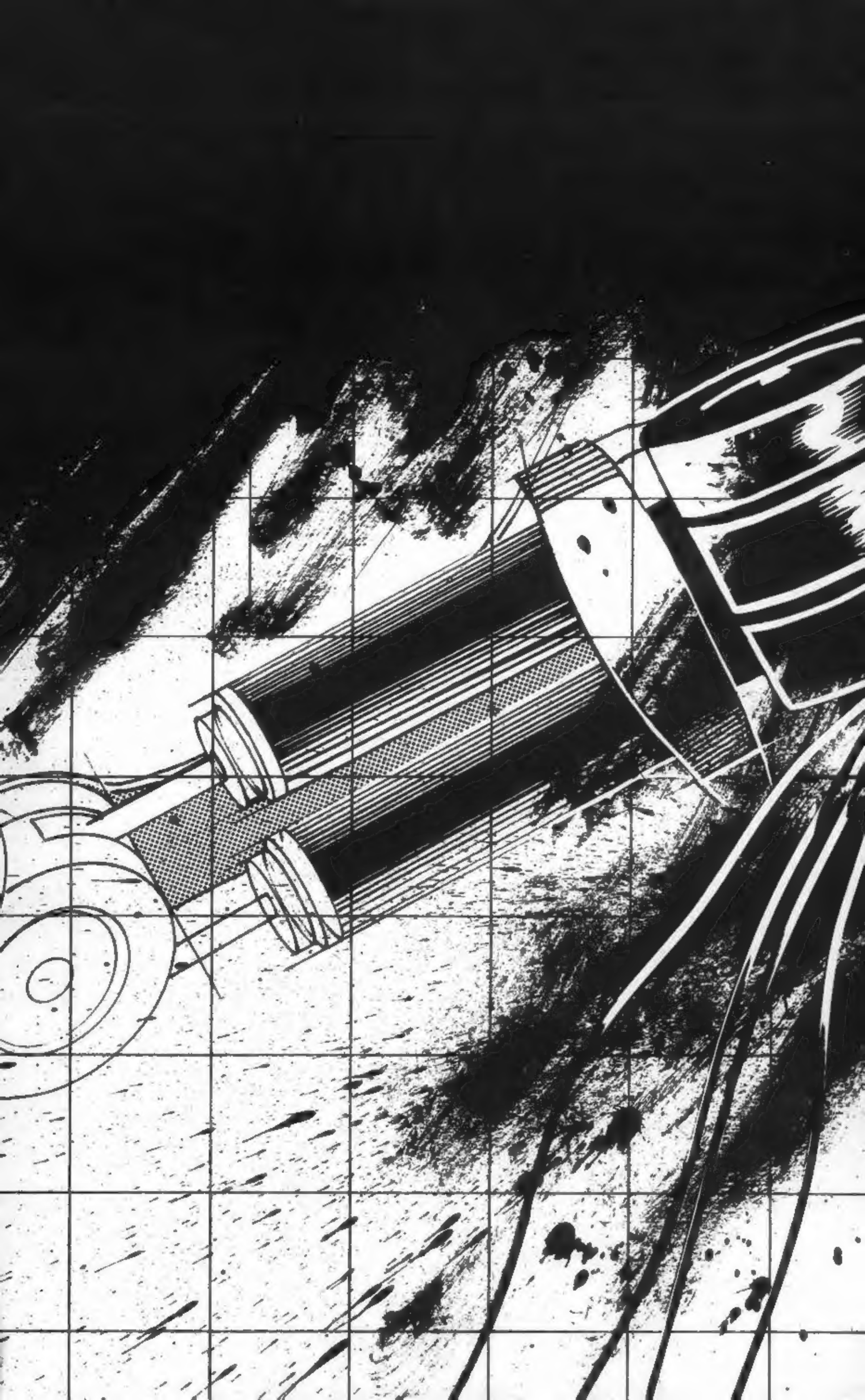
J A M E S   R O B I N S O N

deserted England's green and pleasant land after getting a B.A. in filmmaking and writing London's Dark for Titan Books. Since then, he has written stories for Crisis and A1, an as-yet-unpublished six issues of Grendel Tales, and Terminator: Secondary Objectives. Future works include The Golden Age for DC Comics, 67 Seconds for Epic, and The Best Times of our Lives for Fatman Press.

James' interests include airships, Tom Mix, Karmann Ghias, and Alan Rudolph movies. He enjoys collecting nude photos of comics professionals. He is married and lives in Sierra Madre, California.

M A T T   W A G N E R

was born in central Pennsylvania in 1961 and attended art school in Philadelphia before publishing his first work for comics in 1981. That ten-page story in Comico's Primer eventually developed into the award-winning series Grendel, and has even led to an upcoming crossover with DC's Batman.

Besides producing various works for every major publisher in the field, Wagner is probably best known for his first color series, Mage, which was nominated for a Nebula award. Part of a planned trilogy, Mage is Wagner's look at personal growth as told through the allegory of heroic fantasy. His latest work includes The Aerialist, a continuing science fiction fable found in the pages of Dark Horse Presents.

Currently, Wagner lives in Portland with his family and is damn proud of the nigh impossible pace at which he produced the art for this book.